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Bad
Case





A Bad Case

By O. Allen Newlin

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1911

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O. A. NEWLIN

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*To those whose smiles suppress their tears,
Those who in trials God behold,
Those rich in hope of future years,
Who count good-cheer worth more than gold,
This book is dedicated.*

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A Bad Case

A BAD CASE

There's somethin' awful ailin' me,
I'd like to know what it ken be;
I ain't felt right fer 'bout ten days;
I'm out o' sorts a dozen ways,
Fur food ner nothin' don't taste right;
My rest an' sleep's broke up at night;
My head's been achin' some o' late,
I'm jist too sore to navigate.

It ain't consumption, ur I'd spit;
'Tain't dropsy, I ain't swelled a bit;
If 'pendicitis I'd be dead;
It ain't my stumic, ur my head;
It ain't my blood ur nervous part;
It ain't my liver, ner my heart;
'Tain't fever, ner the rheumatiz;
Then who on earth knows what it is?

I git this same peculiar thing
When buds ar' openin' up fur spring,
When days git warm an' roses bloom
An' fill the air with rich perfume;
When leaves an' fields begin to green,
I allers feel ornery, sore an' mean;
It jist goes clear into my bones
An' grinds away like two mill-stones.

A Bad Case

The doctor, he can't diagnose,
Nur help me with his bitter dose ;
Peruna don't do me no good ;
I can't take quinine --- never could ;
I've tried Ozone, an' every quack
I found in my old almanac,
But jist git worse as days git hot,
Not knowin' what on earth I've got.

I've found the cure fur this disease
Is in the woods among the trees ;
All day lay in the swimmin' hole
An' bathe yer body an' yer soul ;
Jist rough it fur a week er two,
Without a single thing to do
But fish and hunt in deep cool shade,
Furgittin' office, shop an' trade.

Lay on the grass an' sleep an' dream,
Ur go a-boatin' on the stream ;
Furgit yer troubles an' yer cares ;
Furgit all things but God an' prayers ;
An' git no mail ner telegram,
But sit down on the ol' mill dam
An' read God's book o' nature through,
Fur that cured me an' will cure you.

A Bad Case

A CURE FOR THE BLUES

When you feel you want to boss,
 Praise your wife ;
Though you do feel sore and cross,
 Such is life ;
When the days are dark with rain,
And you have some ache or pain,
What's the use of "raisin' Cain"?
 Praise your wife.

When you're up to work you dread,
 Sir, dig in ;
It's 'bout as easy done as said ;
 Jist begin :
Hit the iron while 'tis hot ;
Use what muscle you have got ;
Make the best out of your lot ;
 Sir, dig in.

If at first you don't succeed,
 Try agin :
If you're short on things you need,
 'Tain't no sin ;
But it brings the blues to whine
Loafin' 'round the kickin' line ;
So when tempted to resign,
 Try agin.

A Bad Case

When you feel you want to stop,
 Keep a-goin';
When you fail to raise a crop,
 Keep a-sowin';
When there comes a rainy day
An' there's nothin' seems to pay,
Matters not what people say;
 Keep a-goin'.

When your neighbors falsify,
 Better smile;
Needn't try to catch a lie,
 'Tain't worth while;
Fur it's swift upon the wing;
If you chase it, it will sting;
Let it go, the dirty thing ---
 Better smile.

If you'd be a millionaire,
 Save your dimes;
It won't pay to fret an' "rare"
 'Bout hard times.
Poverty soon runs its race
When you meet it face to face;
Richest men have won their place
 Saving dimes.

Tempts a letter you to buy?
 Turn it down.
Providence to tempt don't try,
 I have foun',
If you'd save your noble craft,
When some company tries a "graft",
Sending you a handsome draft,
 Turn it down.

A Bad Case

While you're young an' in your prime

Be a man.

Let another beat your time,

If he can ;

Should she want him for her beau,

Don't git the blues ; jist let her go ;

"The sea is full of fish", you know ;

Be a man.

You from work are not exempt ;

Hit it hard,

Though the critic should attempt

To retard ;

Let the kickers make their "spiel" ;

With a heart on fire with zeal,

And with nerves like tempered steel,

Hit it hard.

Then when age puts on its gray,

You with pride

Can look back upon life's day,

Satisfied.

You will have no vain regret ;

Clear your evening sun will set ;

And such knowledge will beget

Holy pride.

You should take about a gross

Of this tonic,

But must double up the dose ;

If it's chronic.

So, I pray, do not refuse,

Lest your health you should abuse ;

It will cure you of your blues ;

Take the tonic.

"YANDER GRASS"

I had a cow some weeks ago,
I think it wus in May,
That stood aroun' an' bawled fer grass
An' wouldn't eat her hay ;
I turned her in a pasture field,
Where grass wus high an' sweet,
A-thinkin' she would soon git fat
With grass like that to eat :
But, sakes-alive, you should have seed
That cow go 'cross the hill,
Jist nippin' at the knee-deep grass,
Tow'rd somethin' better still.
I seed right there she'd ne'er git fat,
Look plump an' smooth an' neat ;
She kept a-walkin' all the time
An' never stopped to eat.

This world is full of "yander grass",
Why should I blame my cow ?
Fur when I go to cut my grass,
To put it in the mow,
It's short an' thin an' full o' weeds ;
But jist beyond the rye,
It looks to me to be so nice,
It's thick an' smooth an' high ;

A Bad Case

But laws-a-me, that ain't the case,
Fur when I git it mowed,
I find an acre of sitch grass
Won't make a common load.
It, too, is short, an' jist as thin
As what I had before ;
An' that's the way the "yander grass"
Has fooled me o'er an' o'er.

'Bout every day you hear some man
Complainin' of his grass ;
An' tellin' if he had a chance
Like men of rank and class,
What he would do. "But pshaw," says he,
"I never ken succeed ;
Fur all my grass is short an' thin,
An' mixed with every weed ;
While all my neighbors they ken mow
In clover to their knees ;
Had I a field of grass like that
I'd make my mark with ease."
I 'low that half of all the earth
See "yander grass" so tall,
But when they mow to where it is,
Will find it, too, is small.

I guess the grass grows jist as big
As it grew years ago,
When Lincoln was a-splittin' rails,
An' Garfield on the tow ---
Fur nearly all our men o' State
An' those of great renown
Have mowed in grass --- so hist'ry says ---
That scarce would hide the groun'!

A Bad Case

O' course they had some clover fields
With rousin' crops fur pay,
But when their grass run short an' thin
They kept on makin' hay.
They kept on makin' hay, they did,
With only hook an' blade ;
Had filled the mow, when day wus done,
By workin' at the trade.

Now do not think that all the grass
Grows thick an' tall an' fair,
Fur that which you are wadin' through
Will fav'rably compare.
That temptin', wavin' "yander grass"
That fascinates the eye
Ain't much fur fillin' in the mow,
When once you git it dry.
So, my advice to young folks is :
"Go out an' fill your mow
With any grass that you ken git
To harvest here an' now ;
An' do not look too much ahead,
Ner let the harvest pass,
In that vain hope of gittin' rich
On that big 'yander grass'."

THE OLD LOG SHED

If you've ever been a-hoein'
In the weeds among the corn;
Been a-waitin' an' a-listenin'
Fur to hear the dinner horn;
If you've been a-feelin' hungry
An' you scarce can lift your hoe,
Made the end look twice the distance
On a weedy dinner row;
Made you think 'twas angel music
When the horn the hour had said,
An' you took the shortest pathway
Leadin' to the old log shed.

It perhaps wus lookin' rainy
As it oft' before had been.
It wus in a rainy season
An' you took yer old hoe in.
So a-crossin' through the medder,
Keepin' in the little track,
Comin' on down through the orchard,
Passin' by the old straw stack,
Turnin' frum the gate that's further,
Climin' through the fence instead,
Soon you have yer hoe a-hangin'
Sheltered by the old log shed.

A Bad Case

Then you go to eat yer dinner
What is waitin' ready set.
'Tis a-rainin' makes you hurry,
Fur you must not now git wet.
With the family 'round the table
All enjoy the modest meal ---
Home is home, though e'er so humble,
When its peace an' joy are real.
When the dinner all is over,
With a big coat o'er yer head
You go out to do the feedin',
Down around the old log shed.

There the old door is a-hangin',
Fur one leather hinge is broke ;
There the old cow is a-standin'
With a home-made wooden yoke ;
An' the mule is in the stable
With a rope tied 'round his throat ;
In a pen there in the corner
Is the special fatnin' shoat ;
An' the sheep all come a-bleatin',
Wantin' always to be fed,
Every time they see you goin'
Down around the old log shed.

Hear the chickens all a-cacklin'
An' the gobblers gobblin', too !
Hear the twitter of the sparrows,
An' the pigeons as they coo !
O, what joy to see 'em eatin'
Of the corn upon the ground,
Fur they seem so glad to see you
Every time you come around.
Geese an' ginnies come a-screechin'
Like you knew jist what they said,
Every time they see you feedin'
Down around the old log shed.

A Bad Case

Now the feedin' all is over,
Rain's a-soakin' up the ground
An' you can't go back to hoein',
Fur it's rainin' all around ;
Makes you feel so tired an' sleepy,
Makes you want some place to lay,
So you climb the barn-loft ladder
An' pile down upon the hay.
O, there hain't no spring ner mattress
That ken make so good a bed
As the one you have when sleepin'
On the hay down in the shed.

Hear the gentle rollin' thunders
An' the rain upon the roof ;
Hear the crackin' corn below you
An' the stampin' of the hoof,
An' the low an' soft-like cooin'
Of the pigeon in the nest !
Makes you feel so good an' easy
While a-layin' there fur rest ;
Makes you soon fall off to sleepin'
Jist so sound like you was dead ;
Fur there hain't no place fur sleepin'
That ken beat the old log shed.

An' when once you git to dreamin',
Thinkin' that you are a king,
That you have a big, fine mansion,
That you never want a thing ;
An' you see the people comin'
All around yer golden throne,
Some are happy, some are angry,
Some are burdened with a groan ;
Others standin' there a-wishin'
They will hear their pardon read ---
Plumb forgittin' you're jist sleepin'
On the hay down in the shed.

A Bad Case

Then you dream you hear the angels
 Singin' 'round the throne above,
Singin' of the blessed Savior,
 Tellin' of His dyin' love ;
An' you think you are a-walkin'
 Up an' down the gold paved street,
When you see an' kiss yer mother
 That so long you've hoped to meet ;
An' you feel the angels puttin'
 That bright crown upon yer head,
When you wake an' find you're layin'
 'Neath the rafters of the shed.

You may offer me yer mansions
 On a high-tone avenue :
You may offer me the riches
 Hoarded up by jist a few ;
You may promise me the pleasure
 Of the kings of all the earth ---
Promise joy instead of sorrow,
 Promise everything of worth ;
Tell me all about yer offers ;
 Make them big ; but when their said,
You will still find me a-loungin'
 Down about the old log shed.

THE OLD MILK-HOUSE

Today I've been a-thinkin' lots
About our old milk-house,
With its supply o' bread an' cheese,
Of butter, ham an' souse.
A-thinkin' of the good old days
An' of the games we played
About the yard an' garden lot,
An' in the orchard shade.

Been thinkin' of my brother, who
Wus younger still than I,
An' how I'd coax him up to ask
Our mother fur some pie ;
An' how she'd try to put us off
With "Dinner soon will come";
But we'd jist keep a-teasin' her
Until she'd give us some.

It wusent always pie we got,
But somethin' jist as good,
Though most the time before it come
We'd have to git some wood.
Sometimes 'twould be a piece o' bread
About eight inches square.
She'd spread it then with butter thick,
An' give each boy his share.

A Bad Case

Though special feasts may now be spread
In gilded banquet hall,
That butter-bread, from mother's hands,
To me wus best of all.
Could but this appetite of youth
Withstand the test of years,
Could childhood innocence remain,
We'd minimize our tears.

At noon we'd ring the dinner-bell
To call the hired men in,
An' then wus when a job o' work
We'd lazy-like begin.
We had to draw the water, fur,
The men that father hired,
At noon wus always lazy-like,
An' hungry, lank, an' tired.

We had two wooden buckets an'
A rope run through a wheel,
An' when we'd both pull on the rope
The wheel above wuld squeal ;
'Twas fastened to the milk-house roof
That stuck out o'er the well,
An' when we'd git one bucket up
We'd have to rest a spell.

We poured the water in a trough
'Round butter, milk an' cream ;
It passed out in another trough
Fixed purpose for the team.
Now when we wus a-restin' up,
That's when we got our pay ---
We'd lift the cream-jar lid, you know,
An' have things our own way.

A Bad Case

That cream wus rich an' cold an' sweet ;
To fingers felt so sof' ;
It took a-lots o' lickin' cream
To git it all licked off.
One day, when we wus lickin' cream,
Our mother came fur meat,
An' when she went to lickin', too,
It wusent half so sweet.

Well, I ain't half through tellin' yit
About our old milk-house,
When bare-foot, with a hat o' rye,
With home-made pants an' blouse.
Fur e'en though mother punished us
Betimes, as I relate,
More often would she give consent
When bread an' cream we ate.

So it would take a heap to buy
The mem'ry of them days,
An' I have always argued, though
Expensive, yet it pays
To have a milk-house fur yer boys ;
Don't rob them of their cream,
An' let 'em lick it if they must ---
'Tain't pizin---good cold cream.

I tell you cream is sceers now days
Fur growin' boys to get ---
They run the streets, an' take to drink,
An' smoke the cigarette.
You see, since they hain't got no cream,
They choose these substitutes ;
They hang around the grocery store
An' swipe the choicest fruits.

A Bad Case

Their parents don't know where they ar'
Nur do they seem to keer.
I tell you what, when we wus boys,
We's always somewheres near.
Our old milk-house wus never locked,
Nur wus it short on cream ;
O, when I think of boyhood days,
It's like a happy dream !

The many criminals in jail,
Could we but know the truth,
Ar' there because deprived o' cream
In golden days o' youth.
Would you promote a good reform
To save yer growin' boys ?
Go buy a cow, a milk-house build,
Like ours in Illinois.

THE OLD WOOD-PILE

Now, I'm goin' to talk a little,
Tellin' 'bout our old wood-pile ;
'Course this subject's rather common,
But I think it worth our while.
When I lift the leaves o' mem'ry,
Jist to take a brief review,
They become so interestin'
That I have to read them through.
Fur I find, through all the readin',
Things that I remember well,
Things that you would laff at hearin',
Things that I will try an' tell.
First I read o' chips an' basket,
Pickin' chips to fill the shed ;
Next they tell who all wus workin',
Tell what each one dun an' said.
There wus brother John an' Willie,
Ben, the hired man, wus there, too ---
Father --- he wus always present
When the sawin' wus to do.
O, I like to think of boyhood,
Free from every guilt and guile !
I've a heap o' things to tell you
All about our old wood-pile.

A Bad Case

I've a heap o' things to tell you
All about our old wood-pile,
How it pays to grind yer axes
An' yer saws to set an' file.
Fur the man that sets to choppin'
With an ax jist like a hoe---
When his saw an' ax need sharpnin'
He will make but little show.
I'm acquainted with this business,
An' ken give some good advice,
Fur I've chopped in wood so knotty
That it warmed me in a trice.
You ken save a heap o' labor
With a wooden maul or sledge,
Make a jack an' stop the pinchin'
Jist by puttin' in a wedge.
Then when once you git to choppin',
How the bark an' chips will fly,
An' you often have to dodge 'em,
Ur they'd hit you in the eye.
O, to rick the ranks still closer,
Leavin' jist a little aisle,
When you're choppin' wood in winter,
Workin' on the old wood-pile.

When you're choppin' wood in winter,
Workin' on the old wood-pile,
You ken hear yer saw a-hummin'
All around about a mile.
On a crispy, frosty mornin',
How I like to be there then !
You ken hear the distant poundin'
Of the prairie cock an' hen ;
You ken see the smoke from chimneys
Over all the neighborhood ;
There's no other time ur season
Quite so good fur makin' wood.

A Bad Case

When the spring days git to comin'
An' you're sharpenin' post to drive ;
When the sweet sap o' the hick'ry
Tempts the bee to leave his hive ;
Makes you lay aside yer mittins
An' yer heavy coat an' blouse,
An' you smell the dinner cookin',
Fur yer workin' near the house ;
If you've got that tired feelin'
When the sun begins to bile,
You have caught the real spring fever,
Workin' on the old wood pile.

Yes, you've caught the real spring fever
Workin' on the old wood-pile ---
'Tisn't likely it will kill you,
But it's come to stay a while.
It's a mighty bad contagion,
Fur it brings nobody good.
You ken easly tell its victim
When you see him choppin' wood.
I wus gittin' wood one evenin'
As my sister an' her beau
Frum our wood-pile drove to preachin'
An' I stood an' watched em' go.
Then I thought, "It will be harmless
If I watch these folks return.
I will hide beneath the bushes
Jist to see what I ken learn."
I wus thinkin' some of courtin',
But I feared to make the break,
So I thought I'd take a lesson,
Then I need make no mistake.
'Fore I hid I saw 'em comin',
So I jumped behind the stile
An' I heard him kiss my sister ---
Kissed her by our old wood-pile.

Yes, I heard him kiss my sister ---
Kissed her by the old wood-pile,
But I had no chance fur laughin'---
Didn't even dare to smile,
Fur I wouldn't had 'em see me
Fur an eighty acre farm,
Wouldn't interrupt their sparkin',
Fur it might have brought me harm.
They wus talkin' in a whisper
'Bout their love affairs o' late,
Till it set my heart a-goin'
At a most tremendous rate.
Now, in this I wus no trickster,
But I did it fur the trade,
An' it give me heap o' courage,
So my plans were quickly laid.
Our next neighbor had a daughter,
Young an' fair wus Ellen Jane,
An' I axed, "Might I go with her ?"
Frum the spellin' in the lane.
She had come there with her father,
Our good neighbor, Mr. Lyle ;
An' I got to kiss his daughter ---
Kissed her by their old wood-pile.

A Bad Case

DEBATE: RESOLVED, THAT WE LEAVE THE FARM.

Affirmative, THE SON, JOHN.

The farm, like some people,
Is great to deceive ;
I've talked to my father,
But he won't believe
That we could do better
To sell out and leave.

He says that the farmer
Is king of the soil ;
His business more paying
Than gas wells and oil ;
His living comes easy,
No labor nor toil,

He's free from all worry,
So why should he fret ?
He jist keeps a-prosperin'
Though hot, dry, or wet,
And has the best business
That men have found yet.

His crops keep a-growing
While he is asleep,
And welcome his coming
When ready to reap ;
He hauls them to market,
The proceeds to keep.

A Bad Case

This sounds very tempting,
But I want to say
When you get to farming
It don't work that way,
For 'bout every harvest
'Twill rain on your hay;

Your sheep are too tempting
For coyotes and dogs;
The minks kill your chickens,
The cholera your hogs:
In harvest your reaper
Will break in the cogs;

Your horses are certain
To break down the fence;
Your wind-mills blow over
And run up expense;
Your bees get to swarming,
Then troubles commence.

If those that think farmers
All live with such ease,
Work just when they want to,
Do just what they please,
Would try it some winter,
I bet they'd all freeze.

There's green bugs, grasshoppers,
There's blight and the rust;
There's crows and ground-squirrels,
And feed 'em you must ---
Then sell in a market
Controlled by the trust.

A Bad Case

You're up in the morning
So long 'fore it's light,
And jus' keep a-going
Till way in the night ---
Might just as well quit, if
You don't do it right.

These folks that think farmers
All live on "top shelves",
Had ought to try farming
Just once for themselves;
They'd find their jobs coming
By sixes and twelves.

There's no use a-talking
The farm up or down;
I've hopped clods a little
Till sunburned all brown,
And now I am going
To move into town.

In town you ain't tied to
Your stock and your grain;
And never are sweating
'Bout hay in the rain;
Just sit in your office
And count up your gain.

They fetch all your letters
And things that you buy;
The streets they will sprinkle
When dust tries to fly;
Your lawn they will water
When once it is dry.

A Bad Case

They keep lots of good things
For town folks to eat ;
Have plenty of chances
Your old friends to meet,
And join the big crowds as
They pass on the street.

They outshine the stars with
Their 'lectrical light ;
Have something to go to
About every night ;
And some of their doings
I tell you 're a sight.

You never are wanting
For someplace to go ;
About every day there's
A circus or show ;
You watch from the window
The sights down below.

Should you get the fever
And fear you will die,
Just phone up a doctor
That's living close by ---
You're well in a jiffy ---
You don't have to try.

So I have decided,
Whate'er may be said,
To stop all this working
For poor clothes and bread,
And move to the city
And try it instead.

A Bad Case

Negative, THE FATHER, HENRY.

Yes, my son has been a-talkin'
To my neighbor, Isaac Brown,
Who is talkin' up the city,
An' the farm he's talkin' down ;
So they've caught the city fever,
An' have moved away to town,

They have gone to jine society
An' become retired, I guess ;
But I think they'll tire o' loafin'
In two weeks, an' maybe less ;
Now, fer me, I like the country,
I am willin' to confess.

But o' course it ain't my business,
Even though I cannot see
How they'll live cooped up together,
As I know they're sure to be ;
Yit I want to say in passin'
That the country jist suits me.

An' if I don't miss in guessin'
They will soon see what they found,
Fer their houses ar' a-touchin'
An' there's neighbors all around.
They can't raise a bit o' garden,
They have got so little ground.

A Bad Case

They can't keep no pigs ner poultry
What their neighbors won't allow,
So they'll have no eggs fur eatin',
An' perhaps will have no cow ;
Maybe they ken starve fur fashion,
But I've never yit learned how.

There is no place beats the country
Fur contentment er fur health,
Free from all the smoke an' clamor,
An' also from greed an' stealth.
O, to hear your chickens cacklin'
As they're rollin' in the wealth ;

An' to see the bees a-workin',
Gittin' honey frum the bud ;
An' to hear the hogs a-gruntin'
As they waller in the mud ;
An' to see the cattle layin',
Keepin' time a-chewin' cud !

See the rabbit in the orchard,
When the moon is shinin' bright ;
Hear the katydids an' crickets
Keep their drummin' up all night ;
An' the robins start their singin'
In the mornin' 'fore it's light !

What a sight to see the apples
All a-hangin' on the trees ;
See them as they git to blushin'
At the sunshine an' the breeze,
When in summer you ar' layin'
On the grass a-takin' ease !

A Bad Case

O, to see the sun-flowers noddin'
At each other as they grow ;
Hear the Kaffir corn a-flappin'
As you straddle down the row ;
An' to see the grass a-fallin'
Frum the sickle as you mow !

See the water-milons growin'
In the good old milon patch ;
Hear the little chickens peepin'
Jist about the time they hatch ;
An' the horses paw an' whinner,
When you lift the stable latch !

See the pigs out in the orchard
Huntin' fur the fallen peach ;
Hear the turkeys strut an' gobble,
An' the guineas run an' screech ;
An' the roosters pitch their crowin'
Jist as high as they ken reach !

See the pumpkins an' tomatoes
Jist a-settin' on the vine ;
When yer stock is all a-fatnin'
An' yer crops ar' lookin' fine ;
An' yer wife has got her washin'
All a-hangin' on the line ;

When the June showers git to comin'
Shoots the corn like heroes bold,
An' yer wheat-fields keep a-ripenin'
Till they look like seas of gold,
As they wave, jist like the ocean,
Wave on wave in billows rolled.

A Bad Case

Then 'tis when it makes a feller
Keep a-hankerin' fur the farm ;
Where there ar' no strikes er panics,
Ner disease to cause alarm ;
Where you're free an' independent
An' ar' strong in lim' an' arm.

Yes, it's these things makes a feller
Think he's in the promise land,
Where there's milk an' honey flowin' '
All the time on every hand ;
Where you've got so many blessin's
Always ready at command.

Go an' live there, if you want to,
Jist sell everything you've got ;
Then go build er rent yer oven
'Twixt two others jist as hot ;
But, my son, before you do it,
Read the story told o' Lot.

But fer me, I'll take the country,
Still believin' it is best ;
Fur the tan frum toil is honest,
An' insures the sweetest rest
When yer chores ar' done at evenin'
An' the sun sinks in the west.

When a man gits up in sixty,
An' his hair begins to gray,
It has got to be the fashion
To retire in town, they say ;
But, fur me, I love the country,
An' 'tis here I'm goin' to stay.

A Bad Case

STUMPS IN THE HAY SHOCK

Farmer Jones had a field on the bank of the creek ;
For clover no soil could be better.
Now, I wanted to trade for this rich bottom farm,
And wrote Mr. Jones a long letter.

For of late I had heard of this rich loamy soil ---
Some agents had told me about it ;
And they told of such crops as I never had heard,
I scarcely no longer could doubt it.

In a week I received a good letter from Jones,
Inviting me down to inspect it ;
Now, he said, if the farm and the price did not suit
The option was mine to reject it.

Kindly told me just when he would cut the next
crop,
And wished I might see it in making,
Just to prove that the hay was so thick on the
ground
They put it in shock without raking.

So at last the day came he had asked me to come,
And soon I was ready and going ;
Fur I wanted to see it before it was cut,
And follow the man at the mowing.

A Bad Case

But, behold ! when I came it was all in the shock,
They hardly found room there to hold it ;
There a field of such shocks as I never had seen
I found for the proof, as they told it.

Then I met Mr. Jones, found a shrewd looking
man,
His story he sadly was telling ;
Broken health was the cause of his leaving the
farm
Which he was reluctantly selling.

As his terms and the price were so easy and fair,
To "jew" him, I never once thought it :
I had heard of this farm, now had seen it myself,
Then quick as a wink I had bought it.

I just paid him the cash on the spot for the farm,
Receiving at once the possession ;
I received the whole farm with the hay in the
shock ---
For this was the only concession.

So I sent in the deed for the clerk to record ---
I wanted the records to back it ;
Then I got some good help to take care of my hay ;
I'd nothing to do but to stack it.

With a rope and a horse for to drag in the shocks.
We soon were all ready for stacking ;
First we tried a big shock ; when it broke a new
rope,
I found there was something yet lacking.

A Bad Case

What a bargain in hay---'bout a ton to the shock!
How much will it make to the acre ?
Well, I guess Jones could tell. Yes, he knew it
full well,
For he was a genuine fakir.

There beneath every shock was a wallop in'
stump
As big as the wheel of your wagon,
Full as high as your head and as hard as a bone;
No wonder we failed at the draggin'.

If you say I was beat you are putting it mild.
I felt like a fool, do not doubt it ;
Let me tell you my friend, it was painful but good,
I learned a dear lesson about it.

So, wherever I go, I'm proclaiming to all :
If the shock is too big, do not buy it;
For the only safe course in affairs of today
Is, "Wait, Mr. Jones, till I try it."

To the young of our land over-anxious to wed :
Don't love at first sight ; look about ;
For in Cupid's sweet dreams you had better go
slow ---
For stumps in the hay shock --- watch out.

*WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE
KICKER?*

Oh, what would be best to give us a rest
From him that we know as a kicker?
Of whom we are sick, but still he will kick
Until we have grown the sicker.

We now have no fear when smallpox is near,
Or if we should have the bronchitis;
We, too, have a cure, both speedy and sure
To save, when mad dogs would bite us;

If toothache should keep a man from his sleep,
He always has something to ease it;
When heat is intense, with little expense,
Some ice may be had, for we freeze it.

Your head may be bare from falling of hair,
A tonic will make it come thicker;
We conquer the chills, and all of our ills,
But what can we do with the kicker?

Oh, what can we give, or where may we live
That we may get rid of the kicker?
We liken his lot to that of the sot
Who always is bloated with liquor.

A Bad Case

We sieze men of crime and bring them to time
That law may be strictly regarded ;
No laws do appear the kicker need fear,
So never has he been retarded.

Train robbers so bold state prisons now hold,
Long sentences they are all serving ;
The bandits at large the law takes in charge,
And deals with as they are deserving.

Detectives we meet in crowds on the street,
To capture the sly pocket picker ;
But who ever saw the man or the law
Arresting the kick of the kicker ?

The thought comes to me, how nice it would be
If we were but rid of the kicker !
For nothing goes right from morning till night
With him : he's a chronic old sticker.

Regardless the kind of business you'll find
The kicker, the wise all-arounder ;
The way that he kicks 'bout late politics,
The old Ship of State will soon flounder.

In social affairs he puts on his airs,
He works at his trade; for, of course,
He's fine in the art of breaking the heart,
The father he is of divorce.

He must have a say in affairs every day ;
He spoils all your very best dickers ;
He kicks all the while ; not once does he smile---
For smiles are unknown to kickers.

A Bad Case

When once as I said, "I guess he is dead,"
This 'possum-like, genuine kicker
Sprang quick to his feet, his kicks to repeat,
Then sent them in faster and thicker.

I thought he would quit should I roast him a bit,
But found I was badly mistaken;
I then tried to shame his honor and name;
Alas! he had none to awaken.

He kicks against gold the way it's controlled;
He kicks against organized labor;
He gives Uncle Sam one horrible slam,
And kicks at his brother and neighbor.

He's hard to endure. If you have a cure,
Pray give it! "The sooner the quicker!"
I'll saddle the "bronchs" and bridle the "donks",
If you will but halter the kicker.

A Bad Case

SOCKERY'S DAY OFF

Josie sait to me von night ---
For Josie vos mine frau ---
"O Sockery, you vork so hart,
Von't you take rest somehow ?"
I say, "Yah."

I dells der poss apout mine plan.
He sait, "It vas all right,"
Den Josie sait, "Did you git off ?"
Ven I coom home dot noight ;
I say, "Yah."

I vos so glat I nefer vos,
An' Josie sait so schveet,
"Don't you pe glat you git some rest
From workin' in dot heat ?"
I say, "Yah."

I tought how nice next mornin' den
Some late goot schleep I mit
But ven de clock sthrike four, she say,
"Von't you mit me up git ?"
I say, "Y - a - h."

She dells how so glat she vos dot
I haf vone day so free,
Den sait, "Now von't you help somevot
To do vone vash mit me ?"
I say, "Yah."

A Bad Case

Ve stop an' eat some preakfast ven
De sun vos pout to shine,
An' den she sait : " Vill you now put
Dese clothes upon de line ? "
I say, " Yah."

An' den she say : " O Sockery,
How nice you git some rest ! "
Vill you now come mit eggs an' set
Vone pullet on de nest."
I say, " Yah."

She den invites me out to see
Vone unmate garten lot ;
" Von't you now sphate a lettice pet,"
She sait, " pefore 'tis hot ? "
I say, " Yah."

An' den she say, " O Sockery,
Dis vos a fine sphring day ;
Vill you now move the heather sthove,
Vot vill pe in de vay ? "
I say, " Yah."

Vone elpo mit de cook-sthove vos
All ofer vone pig hole ;
She sait, " Vill you put dis vone up,
Dot ve ken purn some coal ? "
I say, " Yah."

Dot sthove vos hot an' filled mit gas,
It took my preath away ;
Den Josie sait : " Don't you pe glat
Dot you hain't vork today ? "
I say, " Yah."

A Bad Case

An den she sait : " How much I vish
Dis house vos also clean !
Von't you mit me dese carpets lift
An' sphreat dem on de green ? "
I say, " Yah."

Apout dis time vos dinner coom,
I schmell it cookin' fine ;
Den Josie sait so schveet to me,
" Vill you now coom and dine ? "
I say, " YAH."

Ven dinner vos all ofer mit
My Josie frau and I,
" Vill you mit me de dishes vash,"
She sait ; " Now von't you try ? "
I say, " Y - a - h."

Apout dis time ve tunder heart,
An' rain it surely must ;
" Vill you come mit me quick," she say,
" Ve must de carpets dust."
I say, " Yah."

An' den she sait, " O Sockery,
Mit schreen shust from de sthore,
Vill come fix mit me de schreens,
An' put dem on de door ? "
I say, " Yah."

An' den she make some apron vings
Vot look like putter-flies ;
An' sait : " Von't you now drive mit me
Dis house all out dese flies ? "
I say, " Yah."

A Bad Case

She showed also vone taple den
Mit leaf proke off in two,
An' sait, " Now von't you fix me dis,
Till it vos goot as new ? "
I say, " Yah."

Our supper den vos reaty got,
She sait to me so schveet,
" O Sockery, vill you now coom
Mit me de supper eat ? "
I say, " YAH ! "

She sait, " De house look pötter dan
It efer vos pefore ;
Vill you now pring de carpets pack
Agin upon dis floor ? "
I say, " Yah."

An' den she sait, " Vone pet vos proke ;
If I vill pring de light,
Von't you mit me go fix it goot ;
Ve schleep on it tonight ? "
I say, " Yah."

Ve reat de Piple purty soon,
An' ven de prayer vos sait,
She say to me, " Vell, Sockery,
Vill ve now go to pet ? "
I say, " Yah."

A long time den I tought : " Dis pe
De last day off fur me " ;
An' den she sait so soft an' low,
" Vos you vent schleep, Sockery ? "
I say, " Y - a - h H - a."

A Bad Case

THE PARSON'S FIRST WEDDING

A young man sought the parson
One summer's afternoon ;
The streets were hot and dusty ;
It was the last of June.

He hinted at his mission ;
The parson made a guess ;
And said, " I will go with you
As soon as I can dress."

Attired in his Prince Albert,
His best of shoes and hat ;
Then tried his ceremony
Uniting dog and cat.

When he his speech had proven,
He left his study room ;
He kissed his wife and baby,
And walked off with the groom.

The groom in meditation
Was thinking of his bride ;
The parson in low whispers
The nuptial knot oft' tied.

The bridal home they entered ;
The wedding feast was spread ;
A score of friends had gathered
To see the couple wed.

They stood before the parson
With mingled hopes and fears,
With loving smiles and blushes ;
The bride was shedding tears.

The parson, too, was solemn,
No single word forgot ;
None knew nor guessed there present
That this was his first knot.

They ate out in the kitchen ---
There was no dining-room ---
In varnished chairs were seated
The parson, bride and groom.

The sun poured through the window
Into the parson's face ;
The bride and groom were roasted ---
The stove was near their place.

Now when the meal was finished,
And tooth-picks had been passed,
The parson had suspicioned,
Now knew, that he was fast.

The bride and groom were like him ;
He knew the joke would out,
So he proceeded mildly
To bring the thing about.

A pleasing smile he summoned,
And to the hostess said :
"It always is an effort
To leave a sumptuous spread.

A Bad Case

"I have enjoyed this dinner,
The chicken, fruit and pie.
It seems I cannot leave it;
I will, however, try."

It was a risky business ---
Who would have run the chance?
For all that sticky varnish
Was clinging to his pants.

You would have joined the laughing
Had you been in that room;
But he saw nothing funny,
Nor did the bride and groom.

For there they sat like statues;
They could but move their head;
They looked at one another
But not a word was said.

They made another effort,
But this was little use
Till friends lent their assistance,
And likewise pulled them loose.

A five the groom had given;
Now said, "I'll make it six;
It's worth an extra dollar,
The way in which it sticks."

WHEN WALKIN' WAS COMMON

When walkin' was common
And footin' was good ;
How well I remember
The path through the wood ;
Remember the faces
Now wrinkled with age,
The sweet reminiscence
Of ox-cart and stage.
I would not go back to
The customs and ways,
The hardships and struggles
Of pioneer days ---
Forget them ? I cannot,
Nor would if I could,
When walkin' was common
And footin' was good.

When walkin' was common
And footin' was good,
See goin' to meetin'
The whole neighborhood.
Then father and mother
With children in line
Would follow the foot-path
To hear the divine.
Such preachin' and singin'
Now days would seem odd ;
It brought true repentence,
And led men to God.

A Bad Case

The graveyard still shows where
The meetin'-house stood
When walkin' was common
And footin' was good.

When walkin' was common
And footin' was good
My heart chose its object
'Mong young womanhood.
No romance surpasses
In Cupid's sweet flight
Those lengthy love-chapters
While walkin' each night.
All life in the forest
As silent as dead ;
The moon alone saw us ---
None heard what was said ;
I've told not these secrets ---
Who says that I should ? ---
When walkin' was common,
And footin' was good.

When walkin' was common
And footin' was good ---
Those smiles yet inspire me
Beneath her red hood ---
Now crossin' the foot-log,
Then passin' the fence,
With hearts full of true love
And sweet innocence :
No wagon or buggy,
No automobile,
No trolley or airship
Has love that's more real ---

A Bad Case

Now down through the meadow,
Then up through the wood,
When walkin' was common
And footin' was good.

When walkin' was common
And footin' was good :
Those days have gone by
With things of childhood ---
Lest you should mistake me,
And think I deplore
The ways of the present,
And pine for the yore ;
I hold them in mem'ry,
Don't ask for the ways,
The hardships and struggles
Of pioneer days :
Forget them ? I cannot,
Nor would if I could
When walkin' was common
And footin' was good.

A Bad Case

THE OLD SEESAW

Of childhood games are those, you know,
In which we grew quite clever ;
New games may come and old ones go---
One game goes on forever :
 'Twas teeter-totter
 And bread and water
We sang as seesaw went and came
As if 'twas automatic.
All children love the seesaw game,
The poor and 'ristocratic,
The sage and the cotter.

We find the seesaw where we meet
At some resort for pleasure,
In country yard, 'long city street ---
It is a valued treasure :
 Each child delighted
 To be invited
The seesaw board to jump astride.
With merriment and shouting
They sing while up and down they ride,
But one stands off a-pouting,
For he was slighted.

A Bad Case

You cannot play seesaw alone ;
The weight must be most equal.
If two set theirs against your own,
No need relate the sequel ---
You thus are pitting
Your weights while sitting
On seesaw as you rise, descend ;
Here sharpest competition
Will drive you to the utmost end,
Then bound them from position
By sudden quitting.

A game of which we never tire,
Though youth by age supplanted.
We watch the seesaw and admire
The game and are enchanted.
Fond recollection
Of sweet affection
Begotten by the game we prize ;
With love and pleasure freighted.
We'd find, could we but analyze,
Seesaw and life related
By close connection.

Yes, seesaw is the game of life ;
'Tween capital and labor ;
'Tis seesaw 'twixt husband and wife,
Between you and your neighbor ;
'Twixt all relation,
'Twixt state and nation ;
'Tis seesaw o'er the back-yard fence,
By telephone and letter ;
'Tis seesaw income and expense,
'Tis seesaw with the debtor ---
Perchance vexation.

A Bad Case

'Tis seesaw with the inward man,
 'Tween pure and base emotion ;
'Tis seesaw 'tween "I can't," "I can,"
 'Tween pure and fancied notion;
 'Tween love and passion
 And pride and fashion ;
'Tis seesaw jealousy and praise
 And all the heart's true graces ;
Seesaw affects our traits and ways,
 Some former path retraces
 With true compassion.

What wonder, then, the seesaw game
 Holds us for hours with rapture ?
As children play, we play the same ---
 Seesaw is one long chapter
 With teeter-totter
 And bread and water ---
Now lifted high, now coming low.
 Forget this game ? No, never !
For games may come and games may go,
 Seesaw goes on forever,
 With teeter-totter.

ALL ALONE AND KEEPING BACH

Yes, I've done some growling since
My wife and I were wed,
But now I wish I had the gift
To call back all I've said.
I've growled when meals were late or cold,
Too hot, too sweet, too salt ;
I've growled about my clothes and work,
But now I call a halt ;
I thought her idle while I worked ---
A housewife, just a drone ;
But I retract, for she's away,
And I am all alone.

Yes, she's away and I'm alone ---
Alone and keeping bach ;
I have to churn and water plants,
Help little chickens hatch ;
I have to feed the birds and cats
And sweep the hall and stairs,
And make the bed and air the room,
And dust the clock and chairs.
I have to meet all callers, too,
And answer every phone ---
I haven't time to turn around
Since I am all alone.

A Bad Case

Yes, she's away and I'm alone,
Alone and keeping bach.
I have to wash and iron my clothes,
Sew buttons on and patch ;
I have to cook, for I must eat,
Potatoes peel and fry,
Cook beans and cabbage alternate,
And go without my pie.
I cannot set the sponge for bread ---
I only have corn-pone.
My appetite behaves quite well
When I am all alone.

Yes, she's away and I'm alone,
Alone and keeping bach.
I tried to quilt, but gave it up,
I couldn't make it match ;
I've burned my hands about the stove
And spilled grease on the floor ;
I've growled, I shamingly admit,
But won't growl any more :
I have been cross and harsh and gruff,
But 'll soften down my tone,
For I have learned a thing or two
By being left alone.

Yes, she's away and I'm alone,
Alone and keeping bach.
Hoping she will soon return
I've hung outside the latch.
I'm up at four instead of five
And kindling at the fire ;

A Bad Case

I paid my bills the other day,
And found they all were higher.
I've growled at her when bills run high,
And made my protests known :
I find bills grow like rolling snow
Since I have been alone.

Yes, she's away and I'm alone,
Alone and keeping bach.
I've written twice for her to come,
And did not get a scratch
Until today a letter came
That gratifies my wishes,
She comes tomorrow, just in time ;
For I am out of dishes.
So, men, if you are wont to growl
Like Rover with his bone,
Just send your wife away a month
And keep bach all alone.

THE VILLAGE BLANKMISS

Under a spreading Easter hat
The village blankmiss stands---
The maid, a blushing belle is she
With small and soft white hands ;
For want of sleeves her arms are bare
Her wrists have golden bands,

Her hair is curled and fluffed in rolls
Her face is free from tan ,
Her cheeks aglow with paint, you know,
She shirks whene'er she can,
She looks the whole world in the face,
Except her dry-goods man.

Week in, week out, from night to night
We see her fellows go,
We hear them laugh and sing and flirt
To passers to and fro :
We see them decked from head to foot
With stylish togs for show.

Her brothers keep their eyes upon
The keyhole of the door,
They love to see the sights within
And often laugh and roar,
And catch the burning spans that fly
When'er the night is o'er.

A Bad Case

She goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among her kind,
She seldom hears the parson preach---
She has a wandering mind.
She sees the hats that others wear,
And uniform combined.

So primping, fuming, giggling,
Onward through life she goes,
Each morning finds her chewing gum,
Each evening sees some beaus;
Nothing attempted, nothing done
To earn a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my village Miss,
For lessons thou hast taught,
Thus all of life is not a flirt,
Such lives oft' come to naught,
But those that count are lives of worth
With deeds of kindness wrought.

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